

Netniolk...The Merchant of Gaza (one-act play
Written by Mr. Adel Ali Al-Arfi. Benghazi. 7-11-
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The curtain rises...a scene in the background of a burning city...and the sounds of military aircraft bombing and the smell of smoke rising above the stage...an old man enters carrying a bag on his back and he looks in amazement at the background
.scene

‡Old man: Where am I

A children's choir appears and responds to him: You are in
.Gaza, the Palestinian resistance city

!Old man: Palestine...the promised land

Chorus: Yes, Shylock... O greedy merchant of Venice... whose people expelled you evilly when they discovered your truth...

‡Why did you come to our pure city, you wretch

Shylock: The profession of searching for victims is the custom of the Jewish nationalists. Do we have any other profession other
‡than fraud

Chorus: Here you will not find what you want, Shylock... You will not be able to trap the people of this land, for they will not sell you anything. They will not borrow from you at all. Go to the rest of the Arab countries and the West. You can set them
.up. Everything is negotiable, even conscience and homeland

‡Shylock: Who are you

A person enters from behind the curtain and answers: These are the children of our Palestinian enemies, whom we got rid of in our attack on this city, so do not care about them....

.Welcome, dear grandfather

Shylock asks: Who are you, boy

The person: I am Benjamin Netanyahu... your grandson, my grandfather... I am the fruit of the struggle of our legendary people... I have achieved what no Jew throughout history has achieved... I killed the largest number of Palestinians... and I forced Arab politicians to kneel before me... and I took control and a son. My blindness to the largest country in the world...and we forced its people to pay the bill for all our wars...and to stand with us militarily in all our confrontations with the Palestinians. I am the master of the Western world, .grandfather

Shylock: Goodbye, my grandson. Your heroic deeds speak for .you. Carry this bag for me, for it has tired me

Netanyahu: No, my grandfather, I do not take orders from anyone, nor am I a merchant, usurer, and fraudster like you... I trade and manipulate every economy and stock exchange in the world as I please... You earn the little gold money... and I buy consciences with my cousins' money. ...You were hated in that Italian city... As for me, the Arab officials embrace me and support me even in my war against the Palestinians... So I am offering you a job, grandfather... I will appoint you as our Minister of Economy... or a Financial Advisor... We need Professional scammers like you. We benefit from his .experience spanning centuries

Shylock: No, my grandson, let me return to the history books so
that I may not always be an icon of your twisted struggle
.throughout history

Chorus: A black history...and a bloody present...and there is no
.future for darkness...there is no future for murderers

Shylock: Now I am assured of the people of Zion and their
.prosperous future

Chorus: Rather, people like you should worry...because the end
.has begun

Men of different nationalities enter and attack Netanyahu and
Shylock

Netanyahu shouts: Take out your knife, grandfather, and cut
.them

Shylock: My rusty knife is broken, just as my dreams are torn
.now, my dear

.The beating continues...and the curtain falls..

:See the Arabic text

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